

Troilus and Cressida.

Ulis. Neuer's my day, and then a kisse of you.
Diom. Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.
Nest. A woman of quicke sence.
Ulis. Fic, sic, vpon her:
 Ther's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
 Nay, her foote speakes, her wanton spiritus looke out
 At euery ioynt, and motiue of her body:
 Oh these encounterers so glib of tongue,
 That giue a coasting welcome etc it comes;
 And wide vnclasp the tables of their thoughts,
 To euery tickling reader: set them downe,
 For sluttish spoyles of opportunitie;
 And daughters of the game. *Exeunt.*
Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Aeneas, Helenus
and Attendants. Flourish.
All. The Troians Trumpet.
Aga. Yonder comes the troope.
Aene. Haile all you state of Greece: what shalbe done
 To him that victory commands? or doe you purpose,
 A victor shall be knowne: will you the Knights
 Shall to the edge of all extremitie
 Pursue each other; or shall be diuided
 By any voyce, or order of the field: *Hector* bad aske?
Aga. Which way would *Hector* haue it?
Aene. He cares not, heele obey conditions.
Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but secretly done,
 A little proudly, and great deale disprizing
 The Knight oppos'd.
Aene. If not *Achilles* sir, what is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Aene. Therefore *Achilles*: but what ere, know this,
 In the extremity of great and little:
 Valour and pride excell themselves in *Hector*;
 The one almost as infinite as all;
 The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well:
 And that which looks like pride, is curtesie:
 This *Ajax* is halfe made of *Hectors* blood;
 In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* staies at home:
 Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector*, comes to seeke
 This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.
Achil. A maiden battaile then? O I perceine you.
Aga. Here is sir, *Diomed*: goe gentle Knight,
 Stand by our *Ajax*: as you and Lord *Aeneas*
 Consent vpon the order of their fight,
 So be it: either to the vttermost,
 Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,
 Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin.
Ulis. They are oppos'd already.
Aga. What Troian is that same that lookes so heauy?
Ulis. The yongest Sonne of *Priamus*;
 A true Knight; they call him *Troilus*;
 Not yet mature, yet matchlesse, firme of word,
 Speaking in deedes, and deedelesse in his tongue;
 Not soone prouok't, nor being prouok't, soone calm'd;
 His heart and hand both open, and both free:
 For what he has, he giues; what thinkes, he shewes;
 Yet giues he not till iudgement guide his bounty,
 Not dignifies an impaire thought with breath:
 Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
 For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
 To tender obiects; but he, in heate of action,
 Is more vindicative then zealous loue.
 They call him *Troilus*; and on him erect,
 A second hope, as fairely built as *Hector*.
 Thus saies *Aeneas*, one that knowes the youth,
 Euen to his inches: and with priuate soule,

Did in great Illion thus translate him to me. *Alarum.*
Aga. They are in action.
Nest. Now *Ajax* hold thine owne.
Troy. *Hector*, thou sleepest, awake thee.
Aga. His blowes are wel dispos'd there *Ajax*. *trumpets*
Diom. You must no more. *cease.*
Aene. Princes enough, so please you.
Aia. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.
Diom. As *Hector* pleases.
Hect. Why then will I no more:
 Thou art great Lord, my Fathers sisters Sonne;
 A cousin german to great *Priamus* seede:
 The obligation of our blood forbids
 A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine:
 Were thy commixion, Greeke and Troian so,
 That thou could'st say, this hand is Grecian all,
 And this is Troian: the sinewes of this Legge,
 All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers blood
 Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinifer
 Bounds in my fathers: by *Ioue* multipotent,
 Thou should'st not beare from me a Greekish member
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made
 Of our ranke feud: but the iust gods gainesay,
 That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
 My sacred Aunt, should by my mortall Sword
 Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Ajax*:
 By him that thunders, thou hast lustie Armes;
Hector would haue them fall vpon him thus.
 Cozen, all honor to thee.
Aia. I thanke thee *Hector*:
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
 I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence
 A great addition, earned in thy death.
Hect. Not *Neoptolymus* so mirable,
 On whose bright crest, same with her lowd fl (O yes)
 Cries, This is he; could'st promise to himselfe,
 A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector*.
Aene. There is expectance here from both the sides,
 What further you will doe?
Hect. Weele answere it:
 The issue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewell.
Aia. If I might in entreaties finde successe,
 As seld I haue the chance; I would desire
 My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents.
Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnon* wish, and great *Achilles*
 Doth long to see vnarm'd the valiant *Hector*.
Hect. *Aeneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
 And signifie this louing enterview
 To the expecters of our Troian part:
 Desire them home. Giue me thy hand, my Cousin:
 I will goe eate with thee, and see your Knights.
Enter Agamemnon and the rest.
Aia. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs here.
Hect. The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:
 But for *Achilles*, mine owne serching eyes
 Shall finde him by his large and portly size.
Aga. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one:
 That would be rid of such an enimie.
 But that's no welcome: vnderstand more cleere
 What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with huskes,
 And formelesse ruine of obliuion:
 But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
 Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing:
 Bids thee with most diuine integritie,
 From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.
Hect. I thanke thee most imperious *Agamemnon*. *Aga. My*

Troilus and Cressida.

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no lesse to you.
Men. Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,
 You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Who must we answer?
Aene. The Noble *Menelaus*.
Hect. O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,
 Mockenot, that I affect th'vntraded Oath,
 Your quondam wife sweares still by *Venus* Gloue
 Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now sir, she's a deadly Theame.
Hect. O pardon, I offend.
Nest. I haue (thou gallant Troian) scene thee oft
 Labouring for destiny, make cruell way
 Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I haue seen thee
 As hot as *Perseus*, spurte thy Phrygian Steed,
 And scene thee scorning forfeits and subduments,
 When thou hast hung thy aduanced sword i'th'ayre,
 Not letting it decline, on the declined:
 That I haue said vnto my standers by,
 Loe *Iupiter* is yonder, dealing life.
 And I haue scene thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greekes haue hem'd thee in,
 Like an Olympian wrestling. This haue I scene,
 But this thy countenance (still lockt in Steele)
 I neuer saw till now. I knew thy Grandfire,
 And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,
 But by great *Mars*, the Captaine of vs all,
 Neuer like thee. Let an oldman embrace thee,
 And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.
Aene. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.
Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
 Most reuerend *Nestor*, I am glad to claspe thee.
Nest. I would my armes could match thee in contention
 As they contend with thee in courtesie.
Hect. I would they could.
Nest. Hap by this white beard I'd fight with thee to
 morrow. Well, welcom, welcome: I haue seen the time.
Ulis. I wonder now, how yonder City stands,
 When we haue heere her Base and pillar by vs.
Hect. I know your fauour Lord *Ulysses* well.
 Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Troian dead,
 Since first I saw your selfe, and *Diomed*
 In Illion, on your Greekish Embassie.
Ulis. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue,
 My prophesie is but halfe his iourney yet;
 For yonder walls that pertly front your Towne,
 Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds,
 Must kisse their owne feet.
Hect. I must not belceue you:
 There they stand yet: and modestly I thinke,
 The fall of euery Phrygian stone will cost
 A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
 And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
 Will one day end it.
Ulis. So to him we leaue it.
 Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome;
 After the Generall, I beseech you next
 To Feast with me, and see me at my Tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee Lord *Ulysses*, thou:
 Now *Hector* I haue fed mine eyes on thee,
 I haue with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,
 And quoted ioynt by ioynt.
Hect. Is this *Achilles*?
Achil. I am *Achilles*.
Hect. Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.